In the Wolf's lair

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In the Wolf's lair

by nat_oliver

Summary

Will is an Omega in a society where they are rare and precious. Fearing for his future, his father arranges his marriage with Hannibal Lecter, a strong Alpha, while he is still a child. Time passes and Will refuses to marry a man he barely knows.
Hannibal has to use a lot of patience and affection for the boy to trust him.
Love Happens! Aaawwww so cute!!

P.S - Edited by a Beta!!!!
Thank you!!!!!

P.S.2 - I'm sorry about the long wait. I'll try to update this fic more often :)

Notes

Hi people!
This is my first A/B/O fic
All I know about it is what I read here, so feel free to tell if this is shit.
Don't worry, William will be older on next chapter.

;)

See the end of the work for more notes

Arrangement

"What do you think?" Robert Lecter asked the man who was filling two glasses with whiskey at the small bar that this man kept in his office.

"I don't know ..." Henry Graham said and shook his head.

Henry Graham sighed and turned to look at the man sitting in the chair across from his desk. He had taken the frame with the picture of William from his desk and he was staring at it.

"I've never seen a Omega as beautiful as him."

"And that's what concerns me." Henry said approaching and offered one of the glasses to Robert who accepted with a polite nod.

Henry walked around the desk and sat heavily in his overstuffed chair. He sipped his whiskey, placing the glass on the desk. Henry was an Alpha, and Robert Lecter was as well, all his mannerisms and his attitude exuded dominance. He had dark hair and brown eyes. He was tall and strong and everyone knew he was not the kind of man who hesitates, but when it came to his son Will, things were different.

"How old is he? Seven? "Robert asked cautiously.

"Six." Henry said with a smile. "He's my youngest son." Robert looked back at the photo of the little boy with curly dark hair and big blue eyes. "He is too young." Henry said shaking his head. He drank his whiskey at once and put the glass on the desk.

"That's why we should do the deal now, while he is young." Robert said. "He's your son, it's clear that you care about his future. I don’t want them to get married tomorrow, no. But wouldn't you rather be sure that he’ll be in good hands? That he will join a good family?"

"Yes .. but ... "Henry rubbed his chin. "I don't know. I've heard so many stories of Omegas who flee because they don't want the arranged marriage ... and the things that happen to Omegas alone out there ... "

Indeed, Henry had reason to be worried. Arranged marriages were a reality that every family who had a male Omega had to face. Since Omegas males were rare and precious the bride prices were gigantic. Sometimes, the parents of an Omega negotiated the bride price with three different suitors at once. Whoever was the highest bidder won, it was almost an auction. Needless to say that the poorest families felt like they won the lottery when an Omega boy was born. Some were already promised into marriage when they were still very young, like Will. They had to ensure that a strong Alpha would take care of them. But the stories that Henry had heard, made him hesitate. Even in their submissive nature, some Omegas refused to marry an Alpha they barely knew and fled home. Always with the worst outcomes possible.

"He is still too young to understand, but as he grows, you will explain to him how life is. He will understand." Robert said, it was clear that he would not take 'no' for an answer.

"What about Hannibal? He knows?" Henry said.

"He knows the need to find a suitable mate and he trusts my judgment. He's seventeen, soon he will go to College in Paris. When he comes back, William will be old enough and the two will marry." he smiled "There is no reason to deny him his childhood, don't worry. When the time comes, Hannibal will honor the agreement"

Henry knew Hannibal. He was a blond boy with amber eyes and sharp cheekbones. He was a very polite and handsome teen Alpha, he was smart and he was sure that when he reached maturity, he would be very strong. He would be the ideal mate to Will. Henry sighed. He had to agree with Robert. Where would he find another Alpha as perfect as Hannibal Lecter for his son?

"The bride price ... how much are we talking?"

Robert smiled, he had won this battle.

§ § § § §

Hannibal was waiting for his uncle in the living room of Henry Graham's house. Robert had not told him why they had came to that place, but he had an idea of what it could be. The two adults retreated to the office and Hannibal was left in the company of Adam, the eldest son of Henry, and the two talked animatedly about the College and teen stuff.

Hannibal looked at Adam as he spoke. The two were sitting on the couch. "It can't be this one." He thought. The boy had black hair and brown eyes like his father and was very cute, but Hannibal sniffed his scent and saw his posture, he was an Alpha. Even in a polite conversation the two struggled for dominance and it wouldn't work. The blond boy knew that his uncle was arranging his marriage to one of the children of Henry Graham, but he would not accept just anyone. Hannibal respected the decisions of his uncle, but if he did not agree the marriage wouldn't happen. The bond was for life and he would not accept anything less than the perfect partner: beautiful, submissive and loving.

After a few minutes, the two adults left the office. Robert wore a smile, just like Henry, and Hannibal knew then that his future was decided. He would marry one of the sons of Henry Graham. He felt a chill down his spine, and it was the first time that had happened in his life.

"Hannibal, come here." Robert said nodding to the boy.

He excused himself to Adam and stood up, walking through the living room to join his uncle and future father in law.

Once Hannibal approached them, Henry reached out to Hannibal with a warm smile.

"Greet your future father in law." Said Robert and Hannibal obeyed, taking Henry's hand in his and shaking it. Both maintained eye contact for a while before departing. Hannibal knew

what Henry was doing, he was looking in his eyes to see if he was confident enough, strong enough.

"Do you want to meet your fiancé?" Henry said directly to Hannibal then glanced at his uncle who nodded slightly.

"I'd love to." He said seriously, trying to hide his own nervousness.

"He is playing in the garden. Follow me. "

Playing in the garden? For God's sake! Hannibal thought as the three walked to a glass door in the living room that led to the garden.

The afternoon was sunny. The three Alphas came out the door, but they stood on the porch where it was cool and where they could watch over the yard. The garden was very beautiful, flowers of various kinds grew forming a colorful carpet. The lawn was also quite spacious and Hannibal could see him not far from where they were. Was a little boy with dark curly hair running with a labrador, playing with a ball. Hannibal could not believe. Of all the suitors, his uncle had chosen a child? What would he do with a child? Raise him?

"Will! Come over here!" Henry told and the boy stopped running and turned.

Hannibal saw the smile that was stamped on the face of the little boy fade. The boy dropped his head and came walking toward the porch slowly. Hannibal noticed that the boy began rubbing his hands, obviously nervous and the look he gave to his father as soon as he reached the porch was heartbreaking.

"Yes, Daddy?" The boy said with a low voice, without looking at the other two men who were there. "Am I in trouble?" he asked and seemed to shrink, prepared to take a scolding.

"No dear. I want you to meet someone."

Henry touched his son's shoulder and gently turned to him to look at his fiancé. For a moment their eyes met and the blond boy had to hold an exclamation of surprise. The boy was beautiful. Even at six, he was already beautiful. His eyes were blue, sapphire eyes, his expression resembled that of a very young pup, he was the most adorable thing in which Hannibal had laid his eyes.

Hannibal gasped with such beauty. He knelt and stood on the same level of the little boy's eyes.

"Your name is Will?" he asked smiling.

"It's William, but my daddy calls me Will." The boy answered still half afraid and stepped back, looking for the security of Henry's hand.

The boy did not like strangers, he did not like the older man and the fact that everyone was looking at him, much less that other, the blonde who looked at him strangely.

"William is a very pretty name." He said fondly. "My name is Hannibal."

The boy frowned. That was a strange name.

"Hanni." The boy tried.

"Pretty close." Hannibal approached and stroked his hair and the boy immediately shrank with fear.

"He doesn't like strangers." Henry apologized.

"He is not only beautiful, he is smart." Robert mused and smiled.

Will pulled the sleeve of his father and looked at him with those big eyes. Henry bent down to pick up the boy in his arms and Will wrapped his arms around his neck and buried his face in his father's shoulder.

"He's very shy." Henry said stroking the hair of the boy.

"He'll get used to me." Hannibal said with a smile. "We have time."

As they walked into the house, Hannibal nudged the arm of his uncle and whispered.

"He's perfect! Thank you, uncle."

The four spent the rest of the afternoon in the living room, discussing the details of the engagement contract, while Will slept with his head resting on the lap of his father, not understanding that his fate was being decided.

Promise

Chapter Notes

OMG!!!
Thank you so much for the comments and kudos. It was just one chapter and I have all this feedback. THANK YOU SO MUCH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
I'm very happy!! :)

Lets keep the fluffy...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

That was the first of many visits that Hannibal paid to Graham's house that year before going to college in Paris. He hadn't seen the child so much. Actually, after the day he met him, he had not seen the boy at all. When Will saw him coming through the door he ran to hide. He did not like Hanni, he had Wolf eyes.

Since he was much younger, Will knew he could see things in people's eyes, just like if the person had the intention of being good or bad to him or if they were lying. What he saw in the eyes of that blonde boy with weird name scared him. He wanted to take him away. Why did he kept coming to their house? His father couldn't see what he saw? Why could no one see what he saw? He didn't want Hanni take him away, he wanted to stay with his mommy Mary and his daddy, and his brother Adam, and his dog. Will ran and hid in his bedroom, under the bed where no one could find him, and there he stayed until his mother call him for dinner. Will didn't want to talk to him and would not look at him. All he wanted was to be left alone.

It was after a few visits that his tactic of hiding failed. Will was in his bedroom hiding under the bed, as usual. His dog Bud was with him, it was the best company he could ask. He was busy caressing Bud's head when he heard his door open. From where he was he could only see the shoes of his father, the high heels of his mother and a pair of shoes of someone he did not know step into his bedroom. He saw the feet of his mother approach the bed. She knelt and lifted the bed sheet to reveal the hidden little boy. She smiled warmly and reached her hand out. The little boy looked again to the unknown shoes and gulped. He held his mother's hand and she pulled him gently from under the bed.

Will winced and looked away, cause there was Hannibal in his bedroom. He was wearing a casual outfit. Hannibal was smiling, but the boy did not trust his smile. He was leaning

against the door frame, next to Henry. Mary noticed how his son was tense and hugged him from behind.

"Hello William." Hannibal said with soft tone. "Do you remember me?" He asked and the little boy was silent.

"Will ..." His mother said affectionately to his ear "Hannibal wants to talk to you, okay?" Will turned and gave his mother a desperate look. He shook his head and his mother smiled fondly. "It's okay, sweetheart."

She kissed his forehead and stood up.

"Let's leave them alone." Henry said with a grin. "Bud!" He called and the dog obeyed and left the room with his owners.

The couple left the room leaving the two young boys alone. Will wanted to run back under the bed, but the penetrating gaze of Hannibal left him paralyzed in place.

Hannibal walked slowly to the bed and sat down not looking away from the boy. Just then the boy realized that he held a small wrapped packet.

"How are you, William?" Hannibal asked, patting the bed, indicating that he wanted the boy to sit beside him. Will did not budge. "Please, sit beside me." Hannibal said with warm tone.

Hesitantly, Will took a few steps forward and sat next to Hannibal in bed. The boy continued to avoid eye contact and rubbed his hands nervously.

"You parents told you who I am?" Hannibal began and the boy looked at him for a moment before looking away again.

"You're my fiancé." Will whispered.

"You know what that means?"

Will nodded. After that day, they had a long conversation, in which they tried to make the boy understand that he should refer to Hannibal as his fiancé, even though he had no idea of what the word 'fiancé' meant. All he knew was that Hannibal would take him away from his family and it was terrible.

"Will you take me away, Hanni?" Will whispered.

"One day I will, but not today." Hannibal said smiling, the boy still called him as he had called on the first day, and he didn't find it so bad.

"I don't want to leave ..." the boy hiccuped.

"Don't you like me?" Hannibal said and the boy was silent.

"You scare me ..." the boy said with a shrug.

"You don't have to be afraid of me, I have no intention to harm you."

Hannibal then cupped his face and made him look at him. His sapphire eyes were filled with tears and glistened, but he struggled not to drop any. His lower lip trembled and Hannibal could only think about how beautiful he was. How he wanted to hold him in his arms and protect that perfect creature forever. If Hannibal had any doubt that Will was the perfect mate, it was vanished at that moment.

"It doesn't matter if I have to wait ten years or more to have you, we'll be together in the end. Even if our parents had not made the arrangement, I would have found a way to steal you. You know why? Because you're mine, William. I chose you because you are a very special boy. I promise you that I'll never do anything to hurt you and I will not let nobody hurt you. I'll take care of you and protect you. All I ask in return is that you trust me." He smiled and the boy looked at him curiously. "Do you understand?" Will shook his head. "One day you will."

Will dared to look to Hannibal's eyes. They no longer seemed as scary as before, the blond boy looked at him affectionately as his father or his brother looked at him. Suddenly the fear was decreasing and he was finally relaxing. Hanni did not seem so bad.

"You know why I came to your bedroom today?" Hannibal said with a hint of seriousness. "I came to say goodbye. I'll be gone for a long time, but I'll come back, and then we'll be together. But until then ..." Hannibal offered him the small package.

Will looked at the package suspiciously. He looked at Hannibal and it was clear that this was for him. He took the package from the blond boy's hand and gave a curious glance to Hannibal.

"You may open it." He encouraged.

Will unwrapped the package and found a velvet box, red and small. Will had seen such things in his mother's bedroom. He opened the box and inside was a jewel, a silver bracelet with a square little plate, very reminiscent of those hospital wristbands, but its design was much more beautiful, full of details and motifs. For a moment Will just looked at the bracelet in the box, saying nothing. So, Hannibal took the box from Will's hands and took the bracelet from inside it.

"May I?" Hannibal reached out and took Will's hand gently lifting his arm. "I’m giving you this bracelet for you to remember me while I'm gone." He said as he adjusted the bracelet on Will's wrist. "It is adjustable, so you can keep using it as you're growing."

Hannibal finished adjusting the bracelet on Will's wrist and the boy recoiled from his hand. He stared at the little plate on the bracelet and saw that there was something written on the bracelet.

"H " Will whispered and looked at Hannibal. "H of Hanni ?"

"That's right." The teenager smiled. "You like it?" Will nodded looking away. Hannibal lifted the sleeve of his shirt and raised his hand for the boy to see. "I have one too, you see? With

W, for William ."

Will looked up and saw that the bracelets were the same, only the letter were different. The boy smiled at the initial of his name written on the bracelet, it made him feel important.

"Promise me you'll never take it off ." Will seemed to think about it for a second, then nodded. "You need to say."

"I promise." Will said and looked again at those amber eyes.

Hannibal leaned and pressed a kiss on Will's forehead.

"Next time we meet, the kiss will be here." He touched Will's lips with his fingertip.

Hannibal smiled, rose from the bed and walked to the door. He stopped at the door frame and turned to look at the boy who was watching him.

"Goodbye, William." Hannibal said. Never before had two words been so difficult to say.

"Goodbye Hanni." Will replied softly before turning to look at the bracelet on his wrist.

Will raised his head again and Hanni was not there anymore. He could still be a child, but he understood exactly what had happened. He was wrong about Hanni, he was not as bad as he thought he was. Hanni was gone, and would stay away for a long time. Hanni liked him and thought he was special and wanted to stay with him, but only when he returned. Hanni had asked him not to take the bracelet of his wrist, he had made him promise never to take it off, and he would fulfill the promise.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all like this chapther!!
Comments please, i need them.
keep reading...

Reunion

Chapter Notes

Thank you, thank you, thank you for all the feedback.
You guys are amazing, i just wanted to say i love you all!!!!
I apologize for the delay, everybody were asking me when i would update.
Here we go.
I hope you like.
Keep reading!!!!!!!!!!!!
:)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Time goes by.

Hannibal went to college in Paris and Little Will remained in Wolf Trap, Virginia. Once his son was duly 'sold', Henry could sleep soundly knowing that Will would have an Alpha to care for him.

The boy grew and to Henry's surprise, he was becoming even more beautiful. He didn't have a body like his brother Adam, who had a strong form, as most Alpha's did. Will was thin and slender, his face had delicate features, like a Botticelli painting.

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Will had gone through his first heat a few months before he turned fifteen, and it was a horrible experience. He was at school when he began to feel strange. He had never felt anything like it. He began to feel a warmth that was not possible, his skin was covered with goose bumps, his hands were shaking and he was beginning to sweat. At first, he thought he was getting sick. He began to notice a strange smell in the classroom, a smell he had never noticed before. He sniffed the air and noticed with astonishment that the smell was coming from the boy who was sitting beside him, an Alpha. Will found himself wanting to lean towards him.

Wow, but what was it? He had never felt this before and it was scary.

He excuse himself and left the classroom and rushed to the bathroom where he locked himself in. He had no idea what was happening to him and it was a horrible feeling. His luck was that it was the end of class and when the alarm sounded he ran through the halls. He picked up his things and rushed out of the school. All Alpha students stopped to look at him,

because Will was already exhaling the characteristic Omega scent. He saw his father waiting for him in the parking lot and rushed to him.

There was no need of words, Henry knew what was happening, he noticed Will's scent at distance. The boy tried to hug his father, but Henry pulled him away and gave him a strange look. He saw that the boy was on the verge of tears and frowned.

"Did someone dare to touch you?" he asked, and his tone was threatening.

"No, Dad, I hid in the bathroom ... Dad, what is going on?"

"Your mother will explain to you when we get home." He said leading Will into the car.

The boy was startled by the coldness of his father. He was confused and scared. He had no idea what was happening to him.

She really explained everything to him. She explained that Will was in heat, and that it would happen frequently. That it was his body’s way of getting ready to receive the Alpha and his seed. Will felt like vomiting when she said that. She said he would be claimed by Hannibal, his fiancé, as soon as the two were married. He would be able to carry a child inside him and she explained the whole process to him, since the characteristic heat until the knot. She explained that once the two were mated, Hannibal would protect him and love him for the rest of his life, and he was lucky that Hannibal had chosen him. Then she explained what happened to Omegas who had no such luck.

He cried.

Will began taking heat suppressants and his father took him from the regular school and sent him to a boarding school for Omegas, where he would be safe, where no teenager Alpha could harm him and ruin the deal with Lecter. At boarding school he heard the most absurd stories about Alphas. Teachers painted them as Enchanted Princes, students painted them as the Big Bad Wolf.

One thing Will knew, he would not be a submissive lamb.

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Will was in his bedroom, changing clothes. It was his eighteenth birthday and his parents were entertaining the guests who had come to the party.

The boy did not want a party. He hated social events in which he would have to interact with people. Over time, his ability to empathize had become stronger and he always saw too many things in the eyes of these people. And there was another problem, the were always Alphas at the party, sniffing, bothering him.

He finished dressing and gave one last look in the mirror. Although he preferred to wear jeans and a flannel shirt, he was wearing a three-piece suit, God knows why his father insisted so much. A good dark blue suit, his tie was clear blue to contrast. His hair was tousled as ever and his blue eyes sparkled behind the glasses that he started wearing two years ago. He knew his father would make him take off the glasses as soon as he set foot in the party, but the glasses served as a shield against the piercing stares. Just to make sure, he used the deodorant that further hide his scent, he really didn't need any Alpha sniffing him.

He brought his hand to his hair to try to tame it and his eyes rested on the bracelet on his wrist. Will looked at the bracelet and let his fingers roam over the 'H' written on it. He vaguely remembered his fiancé. He remembered that Hannibal had blond hair and amber eyes, but could not remember his face. He knew that his fiancé was always in contact with his father or his brother to know how the boy was and if he needed anything, but they did not exchange photos, so the only thing he had from Hannibal was the bracelet.

Why was he thinking so much about his fiancé? Will didn't want to think about him. Sometimes he thought of taking off the bracelet that was nothing but a reminder that he was owned by someone else, but he just couldn’t do it. It was like a mental lock, he just could not take the bracelet off. Why? He did not like Hannibal. Long ago he decided he would not be dominated, that he would not give himself to someone he barely knew. Hannibal was just a silver plate in his wrist and one day he would have the courage to take it off him. He had no hope that he would come back anyway.

Shaking his head to scare these thoughts away, Will came out of his room and went down the stairs to the party that was going on downstairs.

The party was mortifying, as expected. The guests were mostly friends of Henry. Respectable families and their representatives. It was a formal party, all the men in suits and women in fancy dresses. Will never had felt so out of place in his whole life. In less than half an hour he'd had to dodge three Alphas friends of his brother who came to him throwing charm. Will had few friends, since the boy lacked social skills, but at least there was Beverly Katz. She was a friend from the school, an Omega who had left school to get married a few months ago to Brian Zeller, an extremely stupid Alpha. He did not complain of her friendship with Will, because Will was an Omega, but he glanced suspiciously to any Alpha approaching her. However, she had managed to lose him to get closer to Will who was visibly uncomfortable in his suit.

"Calm down Will, this suffering will end soon."

Will rolled his eyes.

"I wish."

"Happy Birthday, William!" Someone he did not know shouted at distance and Will smiled falsely before turning to Beverly.

"Help me!" He whispered and the girl just smiled. "Hit my head with that vase until I go unconscious, please!"

"Darling, the party is yours, hold on." She said smiling.

The boy pushed his glasses up his nose.

"Will!" He heard Henry's voice calling him and he let out a little whimper before he turned to see his father coming towards him, accompanied by a man who he didn't know.

Beverly whispered in Will's ear.

"Brian is waving at me, I have to go."

"Don't leave me!" Will pleaded through clenched teeth.

"Good luck ..." she sang before walking away.

"Glad I found you." his father said.

The blond man with him wore a black suit, the shirt was also black and the tie was red, to contrast. He was tall and looked strong. His hair was sand-blond and he had sharp cheekbones. He seemed to be in early thirties. As the man was approaching, Will felt something strange, as if he knew the man.

"Will, for God's sake, take off those glasses!" Henry said as he reached the boy.

Will looked at his father for a moment then looked at the man. He snorted, but took off his glasses, placing them in the inside pocket of his jacket.

"Look just who came to your party." Henry said excitedly and Will did not understand the reason for such joy.

"Happy birthday, William." The man said with a grin. Will noticed that he had a glass of wine in hand.

"Thank you." Will replied looking away to the floor.

"Well, I'll leave you two alone, I have to attend the other guests." Henry said before giving a pat on Will's shoulder and departed to the middle of the hall.

"Are you enjoying the party?" The blond man asked taking a sip of wine.

Will shrugged still staring at the floor.

"What's wrong?"

"Too many people. I don't like being the center of attention."

"You're still shy." The man pointed out and Will raised his head to look into the man's eyes for a second. They were amber.

Will was silent, looking at the man in front of him. He was speechless, he knew those eyes. He looked at the hand holding the glass of wine and saw that the sleeve had rolled slightly,

revealing a silver bracelet.

"Come on, William." He said with a grin. "Will you not kiss your fiancé?

Chapter End Notes

Please leave your comments and kudos if like this fic. We writers just love the feedback.

Engagement

Chapter Notes

Thank you for the comments and Kudos!!!
I love you all!!
As i'm a good girl, i will give you another chapter!!
Enjoy it!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal Lecter approached Will very slowly. The boy had wide eyes as he saw the man with whom he should marry approaching, staring at him for the first time in a long while. Will could not look away from those amber eyes. Will's heart beat fast in his chest. What Hannibal would do?

The boy stepped back when the man with sandy hair invaded his personal space, but since there was a wall behind him he had nowhere to go. Hannibal placed a hand on his waist and pulled him close. At that moment, Will's heart seemed to stop. He noticed Hannibal's scent and although Will was 'vaccinated' against this and was a bit far from his next heat, Hannibal's scent was intoxicating, musky and warm. Will wanted to struggle, but he was paralyzed. Hannibal leaned, but to his surprise, Hannibal didn't kissed him, just buried his face in his neck. Will could feel his hot breath on his neck and it sent shivers down his spine. Nobody had ever been so close to him like Hannibal was now. Will realized that Hannibal had inhaled deeply, he was smelling Will. But how? He had taken the suppressants and used the deodorant which masked his scent. Hannibal could not be sensing it, or could he?

Hannibal pulled back just a bit and locked eye contact with the boy again, before leaning in and kissing his lips softly.

At that moment, all the sounds of the party were gone. Everything was silent. The world around him seemed to have disappeared and the only thing Will could feel were Hannibal's hot lips on his. Will's hands were hung loose by his side while Hannibal kissed him. At first, the kiss was soft and slow, but soon became more demanding and rough. Hannibal lightly bit his lower lip and Will vainly tried to hold back a moan. He was light headed and he couldn’t remember how to breathe and when he thought he would end up fainting Hannibal departed. He looked completely triumphant and totally calm. While Will was flushed and panting.

He just had his first kiss.

Will never felt so embarrassed in his entire life. He was still trying to catch his breath and looked sideways, unable to ignore the fact that the two were at a party and everyone had witnessed it.

"Why did you do that?" he said stuttering.

"Because I wanted to." He replied naturally.

"You stole a kiss from me!" Will attested dumbfounded.

"William, I can not steal what already belongs to me."

Will felt anger. He had been through similar situations and learned to handle the situation very well. He had shooed Alphas whom tried to approach him that way. Alphas even more violent and insistent than Hannibal and Will could not believe he had let himself be kissed without protest (his first kiss, for God's sake). Not that Will was saving himself and his virtue for his fiancé. He just hated when people touched him that way.

That man didn't look anything like the young boy he met years ago. Okay, he did not remember much of it, but it definitely was not like Will had imagined him all these years. Hannibal was obviously older now, his features were one of an experienced man who had lived his life. Will could not deny that somehow his posture, his style and his features made him really ... attractive, and the kiss was like, wow. But as was inevitable, Will looked into his eyes. The wolf's eyes were the same, searching, analyzing, calculating.

Will never felt so naked. He ran his hand through his hair in a nervous gesture. Hannibal smiled amused.

"I see you still wear the bracelet. Very well. I hope I have been as present in your memory as you have been in mine."

"Yeah, it was a promise, right?" He asked, visibly uncomfortable.

"I have to admit, I knew you would be beautiful when you grew up, but I had no idea you would be so ... how can I say? ... breathtaking." Hannibal said approaching Will again and for a moment Will saw a predator surrounding a prey.

Will stepped back instinctively. Hannibal smiled and sipped his wine.

"You shouldn't have come from France only to attend on my birthday." Will said looking away still blushing.

"I returned to America a few months ago. I finished my studies some time ago and I established an office in Baltimore."

"Office?" Will asked, making no effort to look interested and pretend he was not wanting to rush out of there.

"Yes, I'm a psychiatrist."

"Oh, great." Will made no effort to hide the sarcasm.

Hannibal looked at the blushing boy in front of him. Will was stunning. He was no longer a child. His dark hair in soft curls falling over his forehead, his sapphire eyes were bright, but

still frightened, he was like a Renaissance painting that had come alive. Although he was wearing that filth deodorant and taking suppressants, Hannibal could smell him perfectly. Anyone who knew him knew that Hannibal was not a common Alpha. He was stronger, smarter, faster. Everything about him seemed to be raised to 3rd power as well as his sense of smell. Will's scent was sweet, floral, like a field of flowers after the rain, feverish, intoxicating. And his lips? Soft and warm. He was perfect, as it should be. The years of waiting had been worth it.

"You know, I'm very happy to be back." Hannibal said putting his glass of wine on a sideboard nearby and turning his attention to Will again. "We'll see each other much more going forward."

"Well, as you said, you just set up your office and you will be very busy working. I don't want to disturb you." Will said with a cheeky tone that Hannibal realized.

"I wouldn't mind if you did." He said with an evil smile.

The two stared at each other for a while. Will fought the urge to run away and hide under the bed like he did as a child. The tension between the two was evident. In that moment, Mary approached the boy, and took his arm.

"Come on, your father’s going to make a speech." She said excitedly to the boy who huffed.

Will swore while his mother practically dragged him through the hall, Hannibal followed closely behind.

Will realized that more people were approaching where his father stood in the middle of the hall. The boy felt a chill run down his spine. This night could not get any worse. First of all, he was wearing a suit and tie; second, his fiancé was at the party and had stolen a kiss from him without his permission; and third, now his dad would make a speech.

As they approached Henry, the Alpha put an arm around his shoulders and started talking, and all Will wanted was for Beverly to hit him over the head with that vase. Mary also was at his side, leaving no room for escape. Hannibal was there, watching everything with an evil grin on his face like it was an Opera.

"Today, my youngest son is eighteen. It is a very special moment for me and my wife. Of course, every parent has their concerns when a child like William is born ..." Henry paused and Will's cheeks were redder than a tomato. "But I can not imagine a parent who is prouder of their child than I am of mine. He is intelligent, wise, stubborn at times, but is also sensitive and has an amazing heart. Show him a puppy and you know what I'm talking about." He laughed, the guests laughed, but Will did not find it funny. "The point is ... I love him, and wish for him to be happy." He looked into his eyes. "So I couldn’t do anything but give you to someone who I know will take care of you the way you deserve."

"What?" Will asked confused, then he looked at Hannibal and saw that he approached the trio.

"Tonight, I announce the engagement between William and Hannibal Lecter! A respectable and dignified Alpha!"

Will's jaw dropped. He felt himself falling into a sort of bottomless hole. "What the hell?!" Was what he thought. He felt his heart race and the air from his lungs said 'goodbye' in a heartbeat.

"October 26 will be the day ..." He heard a distant voice say, but he could barely hear it, since he was going into shock.

October 26, October 26, the date rang in his head.

How come that was his engagement party? How come? That was not right. He could not get married so suddenly. He did not want to get married. That would mean losing the little freedom he still had.

He seemed oblivious to everything happening around him, until he felt someone grab his hand and something cold being placed on his finger. He blinked a few times and looked at his hand. On his finger there was a ring. It was not like the women's engagement rings, it was very beautiful, a silver ring with a sapphire in the middle and diamonds of each side.

This was really happening.

"Will, are you okay?" He heard a worried voice similar to his father's asking.

The boy looked at his father and then to his fiancé. Tears started to fall from his eyes before Will fired through the room. He ran out and no one stopped him, everyone was shocked at the Omega's reaction. Will ran down the stairs of the porch and reached the field. He ran to the trees, not seeing that Hannibal was running after him.

Chapter End Notes

Leave your comments, please, i need them!!!!

P.S - I was thinking, we could create a page or group on facebook to disclose hannigran fics and fanarts.
What would you say?

Hunt

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for the comments and kudos!!!
I love you all !!!
Poor Will ... :' (

P.S - I created the facebook page!
https://www.facebook.com/pages/Hannigram-Writers/506988862753380?ref=hl
Like, share, post...
hehe

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will desperately ran away from that house, away from those people, his father and his ... fiancé. Will wanted to run away. He wanted to escape the life that his father was imposing on him unfairly. Living only for his husband, for his house, for his children, as if he was not able to have his own opinion. Live locked away from the world, trapped by a bond imposed by nature, a bond which he could never escape. Be dominated by a man he did not love and have to accept it. He could not let that happen to him. That was a terrible fate.

The boy ran as if the devil himself was after him. When he reached the woods, he was panting and he thought his lungs had been left behind somewhere. Will ran into the woods as far as he could, it was dark and silent, but it didn't matter, he had to flee. That was his intention.

He kept walking and managed to reach a clearing. It was a full moon, and its silvery glow lit the place perfectly. Will slowed and looked around, there were some big rocks and the boy sat on one. Now that he had stopped running, he felt his chest tighten even more, his legs throbbed because of the effort, and his forehead was wet with sweat. The clothes were so tight in his chest. Will took off his jacket and put it aside, doing the same with the vest and he loosened his tie around his neck.

Will buried his face in his hands and began to cry. What he supposed to do now? His body trembled now that the adrenaline rush of the race had ended, giving way to panic. All the stories about violent Alphas and rebel Omegas crossed his mind at once. He had two choices: to live a life at the mercy of another person or run away and risk his life on the road and God knew that neither were good options.

Then his hands fell like stones over his thighs. Will looked at them and saw that they were shaking. Then he looked again at his finger and the ring he wore. That ring was a hideous leash, a symbol of ownership, a terrible reminder that he would be claimed soon. That ring represented everything he hated.

Will slipped from the rocks and fell sitting on the floor. His eyes were oozing countless tears and he trembled from head to toe. He felt his stomach ache and chills ran throughout his body. He felt his chest constrict, it was as if he were a fish trying to breathe on land, he was hyperventilating. He felt cold. It was a panic attack, a bad one.

Will felt his vision go black and before he knew it he was on his back lying on the damp grass. He felt so cold.

Will didn't know how long he had been in this state of semi-consciousness, could have been hours or minutes. He didn't hear the footsteps approaching him, all he wanted was turn off his brain. He felt something like a hand touching his forehead, the hand was warm. For a moment he was afraid and cowered in terror, but the hand that touched him didn't seem to hurt him.

"Will? William talk to me." He heard a voice speak, but was too far away, muffled. "Breathe!"

His hands were cupping his face now, trying to make him focus, but Will couldn't do it, his chest hurt so much.

"Breathe!"

The voice commanded firmly once more and Will tried to obey this time. Will began to breathe slowly, filling his lungs and exhaling slowly.

"Well done, my little one."

Then Will felt that a bit of the fog of unconsciousness had dissipated. He realized that there was someone above him, the owner of the hands that held his face so gently, but in the darkness he could not see who it was. He felt arms around him and suddenly he no longer felt cold, as a jacket was placed on his shoulders, and he also felt that he was lifted off the ground. Will knew he was being carried bridal style, because his head rested on a firm-large chest and the arms holding him were warm and welcoming, gentle and firm. They were leaving the woods.

"It's okay now, I'll take care of you." The voice said in soft tone.

Will felt so tired, he buried his face in that chest and allowed whoever it was to take him away. Even if he did not have a clue what was happening, he felt safe in those arms. And just like that he fell into unconsciousness, a blessed sleep for the first time in Hannibal's arms.

****

Hannibal ran after Will as he saw him ran through the door, soon after he had ensured Henry that he would bring the boy back. Like all Omegas, Will's slender body was made to run, to escape, like a deer flees a wolf and the wolf in the case was Hannibal. He saw the boy get into the woods and keep running as if there was no tomorrow.

Silently he followed the boy to a clearing where he sat on a rock. Hannibal did not enter the clearing right away, something told him that he should let Will calm down first, otherwise he would scare him even more and he would end up running to Canada if his legs allowed it, and Hannibal did not want that. He wanted Will to trust him, as it should be. He really was worried by the reaction of the boy.

Hidden among the trees he stood there for a few minutes, giving time and space to the boy, but soon he regretted this decision when he realized that Will was having a panic attack and apparently fell unconscious on the ground. He that he could not ignore.

Coming out of his hiding place in the shadows, he approached the boy and saw that he was shaking and his forehead was wet with sweat. Hannibal knelt beside him and touched his forehead, it was on fire. The boy flinched at his touch, but then seemed to relax. He was breathing heavily and seemed to be in a semiconscious state, because his eyes were open but empty. He had to bring the boy back.

"Will? William talk to me." He said worried but Will didn't respond. "Breathe!"

Hannibal held Will's face with his hands trying to make him focus on him. At that moment he noticed how fragile the boy was. He imagined the things going through Will's fragile mind at that moment, he should be terrified. That was why Hannibal would be his Alpha, so Will would have nothing to fear.

"Breathe!" He commanded vehemently, this time getting a reaction from the boy who seemed to let the air come into his lungs.

"Well done, my little one." He said relieved.

He took off his jacket and carefully he made Will sit for him so he could put his jacket on his shoulders. With one arm holding him by the waist and the other behind his knees he pulled Will off the ground easily. He carried him in his arms through the trees being careful because of darkness. He felt Will snuggle into his chest and could not help smiling at the idea that Will was accepting him even if he was unconscious.

Hannibal carried him across the field to the house, but instead to taking him inside, Hannibal led him to his car. He opened the passenger door, settled Will on the seat carefully and buckled him in. Hannibal looked at him, he seemed to be sleeping peacefully. Hannibal pushed a strand of hair out of his eyes and did not repress the smile that spread across his face. The boy was his, his alone. His Alpha instincts has impelled him to protect and care for his dear Omega. He leaned down and inhaled deeply that perfect scent.

He closed the door, careful not to wake him up and walked toward the house quietly. He climbed the porch steps and opened the main door. The house was practically empty. Given Will's outburst and his sudden flight, the guests were gone, leaving only Henry, Mary and Adam waiting for news in the living room. Hannibal had not realized he had taken more than an hour in his hunt of the runaway Omega.

As he opened the door, Henry rushed to him, his concern evident on his face. Clearly anticipating the worst.

"Did you found him?" Henry asked worriedly.

"Yes, I did. He was in a clearing in the woods. He had a panic attack." Hannibal said quietly, but Mary's eyes widened.

"Again?"

"Does it happen frequently?" Hannibal asked curiously.

"Sometimes. Where is he?" Henry asked intrigued to see Hannibal but no sign of his son.

"He is resting in my car." He said shifting his weight from a leg to another. "I'd better take him to my house, at least for a few days."

"What?" Henry said confused.

"He had a severe panic attack, he needs to settle down in a stable environment." He said in the most professional tone possible, as if talking about one of his patients.

"I don't know if it's a good idea ..."

"Look at the situation from his point of view." Hannibal argued patiently. "He feels betrayed. Will is not going to improve if he continues to be exposed to more stress. Incidentally, this is a great opportunity for me to approach him." Henry seemed to think a bit, then Hannibal added: "Only two days. I'll give him back to you as untouched as he was when he left here. You have my word. "

Henry seemed reluctant but nodded. He did not want the risk of Will fleeing and ending up on the streets as a stray Omegas. With Hannibal at least he knew he was safe. Mary ran up the stairs and quickly packed some clothes and some personal items that Will could not do without, like his heat suppressants.

While Hannibal was walking to his car, he could not help but laugh at the joke. Untouched? If he wanted to stop the car in the middle of the deserted road and take the unconscious boy’s virginity right then and there he could do it and no one would stop him. The two would marry and mate sooner or later, that just made no sense. But that was only if he wanted it, and he did not want that. That was not the point. He would not ruin the one with whom he would spend the rest of his life. He would use this time to build trust between the two, with no ulterior motives.

Or not.

Chapter End Notes

I need comments!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

stubbornness

Chapter Notes

Hello Guys!!!
Now I have a Beta!
Take it easy, this chapter and the previous are still being corrected, but I decided to post this anyway because I'm very excited.
As soon as the chapters are ready I'll update all Them.
Thank you very much for the comments that were supportive. You are so cool! I will not be discouraged by a few mistakes.

The Puppy and the Wolf thank your love!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will opened his eyes, slowly waking up after having fainted from exhaustion. He blinked a few times and his vision came into focus as he saw the road through the car window. He began to stir, but regretted it when he felt his head throb.

"I'm glad you woke up, I was getting worried." He heard a familiar voice speaking beside him and when he turned his head to look, he let out a whimper to see Hannibal Lecter in the driver's seat, driving calmly.

"Pull over..." Will mumbled and closed his eyes as he felt his stomach flip.

"We have not reached our destination yet." Hannibal pointed out naturally.

"I'm gonna throw up! Pull over!" Will said in a loud voice, somewhat hysterical.

Hannibal left the road and parked in the berm. Will struggled with seatbelts but managed to break free. With trembling hands he opened the car door and got out, but he only managed to get two steps away from the car before falling to his knees throwing up all the contents of his stomach. He felt a hand touch his shoulder and Will immediately stood up, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Do you feel better?" Hannibal asked the wide-eyed boy in front of him.

"No!" Will shouted, then looked around. "What's going on here? Are you kidnapping me?" He asked stepping backwards.

"No, I'm not." Hannibal said with soft tone. "Your parents know you're with me."

"What?!" he said shocked.

"Once you fled the party, I went looking for you. When I found you, you were passed out on the ground. I carried you through the trees and when we got home, I convinced you parents that you would be better off with me." Hannibal said with a tranquility that bordered on ridiculous.

"No, they haven't done that." Will shook his head and laughed hysterically, hoping this was a joke, but as Hannibal kept looking at him with that stoic look Will realized that was true. "Oh my God ..."

Will's legs were shaking and for a moment he thought he would vomit again or pass out.

"If you don't believe me, there is a small bag with your belongings in the trunk."

"Where are you taking me?" His voice trembled.

"To my house." Hannibal replied patiently.

"No. I'm not going with you anywhere." Will countered.

Hannibal looked at the boy and was impressed with his stubbornness. What kind of Omega was he? He should be submissive, but there he was: upright posture, sharp eyes, ready to run out again if Hannibal dared get closer. He was definitely unique.

"You just had a severe panic attack." Hannibal said with a soft voice, as if Will was a stray puppy. "I'll take you to my house so you can calm down and rest."

"You’re not understanding me, I'm not going with you, period."

Hannibal sighed and approached Will with an outstretched hand.

"Come on, William."

Will was repelled Hannibal's hand and stepped back.

"I said no." He said through clenched teeth.

Hannibal could not help but frown at the demonstration of stubbornness. William was his, it was not in his hands refuse to obey his Alpha. Hannibal stood there staring at him, trying to decide what to do. He could stay on that deserted road for hours trying to convince the young man that it was better to go with him than stand there and point out the dangers of being an Omega alone on a road like that, but it would cost him time and patience, two things which were already running out. So he did what he should do.

"You're forcing me to do this." He warned.

He approached the boy, but before Will could escape, Hannibal grabbed his arm being careful not to hurt him. With one fluid motion he threw Will over his shoulder, keeping him in place with one arm holding his legs. Will screamed and kicked, but Hannibal just turned on his heel and began walking towards the car.

"Hey! Put me down!" Will shouted to Hannibal's backside while he beat at him with his fists. "Put me down!" Hannibal shook his head annoyed. Will was behaving like a stubborn child.

"Do you really prefer to stay here alone?" Hannibal asked stopping halfway to the car. He stopped struggling and let the Alpha carry him, but making it clear that he was not enjoying it by the sounds he was emitting. "That's what I thought." Hannibal sighed.

He reached the car and opened the passenger door still holding the boy. He settled Will in the seat and approached to buckle the seatbelt, but Will pushed Hannibal's hand away.

"I can do this, thank you." He said and his tone was insolent.

If it was anyone, Hannibal would not have been so patient. He remembered clearly that some people he had eaten were less rude than this little puppy. If there was one thing in the world that Hannibal Lecter could not stand was rudeness. He had hunted this type of person in Europe and had enjoyed it very much. The best part was eating their flesh accompanied by a good wine. If he were anyone else, Hannibal would have broken his neck.

But this was William.

The boy would learn to be submissive, he just needed time and someone with a firm hand to teach him.

He took a deep breath, counted to ten and closed the door, before walking around the car to get to the driver's door. Hannibal sat down and held the steering wheel for a while.

"William, I'm not your enemy. You will realize this sooner or later. Now, we can continue this game of cat and mouse or we can talk like adults. What do you say?"

Will was silent for a while, motionless, as if he were just ignoring Hannibal. He nodded subtly and Hannibal smiled relieved.

"We will not have any more outbursts ? I'm driving and keeping attention on two things at once can be disastrous."

Will shrugged and looked away.

"Very good." Hannibal said before hitting the road.

The rest of the trip to Hannibals house in Baltimore was silent and short, making Will think how long he had slept. Will was quiet, he did not want to talk to Hannibal, he was hurt. He still could not believe that his parents had done this. They had forced this engagement, they had all planned behind his back. Will had wanted time to talk to Hannibal before all this happened. He wanted try to make his fiancé understand that he did not want to marry him. And now ... here he was being taken to the house of that creepy man who was his fiancé, with the consent of his parents, completely at his mercy.

Chapter End Notes

So... did you like this chapter????
Now things will get interesting.
Hannibal will try to tame Will, but it will not be easy.

Surprises are coming!!!

Perfection

Chapter Notes

Hello guys, sorry for the delay!
Thank you for the comments and kudos, I love you all!
This chapter is great, I think, hope you enjoy reading it as I enjoyed writing it.
Please! comments!
Now, more Stubborn Will for you.

Will was pissed. That was the highlight of a wonderful evening. He should have known better when Henry had insisted he wore a suit. Now he was being led to God-knows-where by his fiancé, with the consent of his parents. As far as Will knew, Hannibal was a stranger. He could be, who knows, a crazy serial killer dressed as a reputable psychiatrist. Hannibal was the man whom he should marry with in less than a month, but that didn't mean that the boy trusted him. And then he had decided things for him while Will was unconscious. He really wouldn't trust Hannibal. Really.

This was not the first nor the last time the boy cursed his condition as an omega. As he was growing up and understanding the world around him, he began to find all the rules and conventions that dictate his life to be unfair. Why should he be submissive? Why should he let someone else take the reins of his life? And why should he be ok with it? Will was not ok with it and he would make that clear.

It didn't take long before Hannibal parked his car in the driveway of his home in Baltimore. The rest of the ride was silent, as if Will was still asleep, staring sullenly at the road through his window.

Will was trying to ignore the overwhelming scent of the man beside him. During the party, Will had been stunned by the fact that, even under the influence of the suppressants, he could be so affected by Hannibal's scent, but there in that enclosed space in the car, his scent was simply overwhelming, making Will feel threatened. And Will knew that Hannibal was holding himself, trying to look less threatening as not to scare him. A shiver ran down his spine at the thought of Hannibal losing that control and showing all his power. Will dreaded the day that Hannibal would finally claim him as his.

Hannibal turned off the engine and climbed out of the car. He walked over to the trunk and opened it, grabbing Will's bag. He closed the trunk and stood there, staring at Will's silhouette still inside the car and he smiled. Will would be a challenge, a challenge that Hannibal was

dying to win. He didn't want Will to submit just because he was an omega who was pleasing his alpha. He wanted Will to come to him willingly, since they both should spend the rest of their lives together. He didn't wanted to have only Will's body, he wanted to have his heart as well.

He walked over to the passenger door and opened it so Will could get out of the car, after all, Hannibal was a gentleman, however the image he saw made him smile again. Will had his arms crossed over his chest staring at the windshield with a pout. Hannibal couldn't help but find this behavior incredibly childish and really cute.

"William?" Hannibal said holding the door open.

Will sighed and unbuckled the seat belt. The boy could run away again, but he was very tired. The rush and the panic attack had drained all his strength. Besides, where would he go? To the house of his parents? They had given Will to Hannibal like he was a piece of meat. In a way, he was more angry at his parents than at Hannibal and he didn't wanted to see them. Not now. He would lower his head and accept staying with Hannibal during those days, just to cool off. He got out of the car and looked at the facade of Hannibal's house. The house was large, two-story, yellow bricks, a large porch and Will could see a small garden. He sighed and looked at Hannibal. The psychiatrist approached the boy and placed a hand on his lower back and led him to the porch and into the house. Hannibal smiled to see that Will did not struggled nor had he tried to escape like before, but let himself be lead without protest. He only trembled slightly and Hannibal wondered what else could made Will tremble.

Will was not surprised to see that Hannibals house was neat, clean and nicely decorated, at least, the part of the house he was seeing. After the hall there was a room that Will soon recognized as Hannibal's office. There were several shelves of books and works of art, there was a desk, a couch for two people and, of course, two leather armchairs, one facing the other. Will guessed that was where the patients sat facing Hannibal to tell him their problems, trusting him with their secrets. Would Hannibal try to do that to him? Would he sit Will in that armchair and expect that Will would trust him in a heartbeat?

"Come on." Hannibal called Will, and only then he realized that the psychiatrist had departed from him.

Will shook his head and approached the psychiatrist who smiled at notice how Will obeyed without protest. Will followed Hannibal through the house while the psychiatrist led him up the stairs leading to the second floor of the house, where the bedrooms were. The boy hesitated in the first steps, knowing very well that being an unmated Omega in the house of a powerful alpha like Hannibal was a very dangerous thing. Hannibal noticed Will's hesitation and placed his hand on Will's lower back again, gently forcing Will to climb the stairs. Hannibal could not deny that all this fear was ... cute.

When they reached the second floor, they walked down a hallway with some doors. Will could no longer ignore the bad feeling growing inside him again. Anxiety making his breathing uneven and his hands trembling slightly.

"Look, Hannibal, I think we need to talk..." Will said stuttering.

"Of course we need, but first you must pull yourself together." He said with a grin. "As much as I find you beautiful, I do not think grass suits you."

Will frowned and looked down at his clothes. There was grass and dirt on his clothes and his shirt was cold, damp and glued to his body. That was what he got for having fainted on the wet grass.

"Yeah, I guess so." Will mused defeated. The promise of being able to take a hot shower was too tempting.

They stopped in front of a door and Hannibal smiled at Will before turning the knob.

"This is the guest room." Hannibal said leading Will into the room. He placed the boy's bag over the bed before turning to the boy. "I'll be in the kitchen preparing something for you to eat. Come down when you're ready, then we'll talk."

Will was still a bit suspicious when Hannibal walked to the door and left the room. Will was still standing there in the middle of the room listening to his footsteps walking away. Will sighed relieved to have been spared of the overwhelming presence of Hannibal, at least for now. He went to his bag and opened it. His mother had packed his things, of course. There was clothes enough for him to spend a week at Hannibal's house. Will didn't wanted to think about the things that could happen while he was there. It was then that Will noticed that he did not know how long he'd be there. In his bag, he also found his cell phone and his suppressants. Desperately he grabbed the bottle in his hands and opened it. He counted the pills. He had enough pills for a week and a half, but it would have to do.

Will looked around. The room was nicely decorated just like the rest of the house, the bed was comfortable and there was a bathroom joined to the room. The room smelled like Hannibal, like everything else in that house, but it was not so strong. Thank God.

He locked the bedroom door - he would not take any chances - and began to undress. It was then that he noticed with surprise that the jacket over his shoulders was not his. He remembered that Hannibal was not using his jacket, just shirt and vest. Will blushed at that moment. when had Hannibal had done that? And worse, his jacket was still in the woods? And his glasses that were in the inside pocket of his jacket? Damn!

****

Hannibal could hear the sound of water running in the guest room. Will was taking a bath. The psychiatrist was surprised by the sudden calm of the boy. As far as he knew, Will could bite and scratch if cornered, and he could not imagine worse scenario for the kid than being trapped in a home with an alpha, in the wolf's lair. Will knew he was cornered, and that the wiser thing to do was to accept, at least for now. He had no choice.

Hannibal was preparing a sandwich with slices of *'chicken',* cheese, olives and other things he had at hand, served on a bread that he had baked recently. He prepared the sandwich and poured a glass of warm milk and placed them on the counter when he noticed that he was no longer hearing the sound of the shower. He grabbed a glass and poured some red wine for himself. He was not hungry, but he would keep the boy company. Then he heard Will's footsteps coming down the stairs and he turned toward the door. Hannibal was blessed with one of the most beautiful sights of his life.

Will really had taken a bath. He was wearing a white cotton shirt and a pair of sweatpants. His hair was still damp and dripping over his shoulder. Without the smell of sweat, grass and that filth deodorant, Will's scent was wonderful, more noticeable now than when he met him at the party. For a second Hannibal closed his eyes and inhaled. He could not describe that scent. It was like a field of flowers after the rain, in a combination of flowers that made this the perfect scent. It was a clean smell, which had not been corrupted by the smell of any other alpha. It was innocent and sublime.

Hannibal had read the book *'Perfume - The story of a murderer'*. The interesting thing about reading a book is to be able to imagine the story, based on things one knows. But how can a person imagine a scent that doesn't exist? Hannibal remembered the description that Jean-Baptiste Grenouille had given of the scent of that redheaded girl, the reason for his downfall. The perfect scent that he tried to copy without success until he had found other red-haired girl and even after he had successfully extracted the smell of second girl and have made the perfect perfume, nothing could be compared to the smell of the first girl. That scent was unique and perfect and he would never ever find it again.

Now Hannibal knew how Jean-Baptiste Grenouille had felt while chasing the scent through the alleys in Paris. But Will was there in his kitchen, looking at him with a puzzled look. Hannibal's instinct would be to approach Will, get him by the waist, throw him on top of the kitchen counter and fuck him right then and there. He wanted to claim that young omega as his, he wanted to bite him and mark him, so everybody would see that Will had an alpha. But as the books always teach a lot of things, he would learn from Jean-Baptiste mistakes and would not act rashly. He would not give wings to his instincts and scare that perfect creature. Why would he listen to his instincts and have Will for one night, when he could be patient and have him forever?

"Is everything okay?" Will asked, confused by the silence.

Hannibal took a deep breath and smiled, taking a sip of his wine.

"Of course." He said and pointed to the chair in which Will supposed to sit. "I've made a chicken sandwich for you, hope you like it."

"Thank you." Will replied looking away and sitting in chair.

Hannibal leaned with his hip on the counter. The kitchen fell silent again. Will hesitated to start eating, but soon he took the sandwich with both hands and took a bite. He chewed a few times before the frown on his forehead had dissipate. It was not the first nor the last time that Hannibal compared Will to a puppy. Even if he was aloof by nature, since he was no longer

cold and his belly was full he would be docile and calm.

Hannibal only watched Will eating, relishing the little noises he made every mouthful. When he realized, the sandwich was gone and Will wiped his fingers on a napkin. He then saw the boy pick up the glass of milk and take a sip.

"The sandwich was very good, thank you." Will said bringing the cup to his lips.

"Cooking is a passion of mine." Hannibal replied with a smile. "I like the idea of transforming simple ingredients into delicious dishes. It's like art."

Will nodded and put the glass down on the counter. Hannibal saw the boy sigh and apparently he wanted to say something, though he did not seem to be finding the words to do so.

"How long will I stay here?" he asked hesitantly.

"Two days, three at most." Hannibal replied putting his glass in the sink. He saw Will sigh. "You're not a prisoner in this house, William. I thought it was clear by now."

"Look, Hannibal ..." Will said without looking into the eyes of his fiancé. "I wanted to talk to you about our ... future."

"Go on."

"Like ... well, there will be none." Will stammered.

"Really?" Hannibal said leaning on the counter to pick up the empty plate and glass and put them in the sink before turning again to Will.

The boy was turning the ring on his finger probably nervous to the bone.

"You do not want to marry me." Hannibal said to make things easier for the boy. "I think I realized this when you ran out when his father announced our engagement." Hannibal said with a smile. "I would have found it very rude if I didn't know the circumstances."

"Well, I don't know if you noticed, Hannibal, but I was six years old when the contract was made." Will defended himself. "I had no voice on this matter." Will took a deep breath. "I will speak the truth Hannibal, I would not be a good mate for you."

"And why would you say that?"

Will chucked.

"Come on, look at me." Will said as if this was an obvious thing and Hannibal could not believe that boy was serious.

"I see no problem here." Hannibal countered sarcastic and Will snorted.

"All right. The problem is that I don't want to be dominated by an stupid alpha. No offense." Will said angry.

"An alpha can protect you, William." Hannibal said calmly. "An alpha can provide for you and your future children. With an alpha by your side, you would not have to worry about ..."

"I know what happens with a runaway omega." Will said cutting Hannibal. Will brought the hand with the bracelet to his hair. "I know I could spend the rest of my life as a beggar, I could be raped, I could be sold to brothels, murdered, forced to do horrible things while begging for my life. You think I had not considered all these things?"

"And do you prefer these things instead of marry me?" Hannibal frowned visibly shocked.

"I just ..." Will looked away. "I don't want to live in a cage, Even if it's made of gold, it would still be a cage for me." Will shook his head and Hannibal thought he saw a tear roll down his cheek before he wiped with the back of his hand. "But you're an Alpha, you would not understand how I feel. No one understands how I feel." the stress was evident in his words.

Hannibal smiled and started walking, walking around the counter to get closer to Will. The boy raised his head and blue eyes met amber. Will straightened in his chair, but Hannibal did not stop moving until he was so close to Will that the boy could feel his breath, inches away from his face. In this distance Will could also smell Hannibal, but instead of feeling intimidated he suddenly felt calming down after that explosion. Hannibal then reach out his hand and touched Will's face, wiping his tears with his knuckle. Then Hannibal took Will's hand and kissed it, as a gentleman of those old movies. Will held his breath. Hannibal touched the bracelet on the wrist of the boy.

"Do you remember what I told you on the day that I gave you this bracelet?" Hannibal asked with his lips pressed against Will's skin. "I said you were mine. I said no matter how long it would take, I would come back and make you mine. I promised I would never hurt you and never let anyone hurt you. And I have not changed my mind, William." Hannibal looked into Will's eyes and saw that the boy was melting. "I'm not here to be a tyrant in your life. I want you to feel comfortable here, I want you to feel safe and loved, and of course I will not get it by force."

Hannibal leaned and Will had no power to stop him. Hannibal placed a hand on his waist and pulled him close, so close that their chests were pressed against each other. Hannibal smiled and looked deep into Will's eyes before taking his lips in a soft kiss.

Will blinked a few times and closed his eyes. He was not expecting that Hannibal would do it again, but he was doing, and oddly enough, Will did not feel like fighting him. Maybe it was the way how Hannibal had looked at him before kissing him or his words in that soothing tone. Will could not explain why he was not fighting Hannibal and letting him kiss him again. Will could not deny that it was ... nice.

Slowly, his lips had parted and Hannibal accepted the invitation, sliding his tongue inside Will's mouth. Will could not help but groan as he felt his tongue touch Hannibal's and only then he broke the kiss because it was too much for him.

Will pushed him away with one hand on his chest. He lowered his head still panting.

"This is the second time tonight that you've kissed me without my consent." Will said still trying to find his breath.

"I know, I'm sorry." Hannibal said unable to stop smiling. "That was rude." Will nodded, not realizing that he was still touching Hannibal. Hannibal realized it. "Be assured that, going forward, I'll only kiss you when you ask me to kiss you."

"I will not ..." Will began to protest, but was stopped by another kiss as deep as the previous one.

"You will." Hannibal said with lips still pressed against Will's.

He turned away and walked around the table back to the sink where the dishes were waiting to be washed. Will could feel his ears burning, he could feel the redness in his cheeks and his trembling legs. With difficulty, Will got up from the chair and headed for the kitchen door.

"Good night, William." Hannibal said with his back to the boy.

Will opened his mouth to reply, but nothing was coming from his throat. Instead he just turned on his heel and left the kitchen, leaving Hannibal there with a winning smile.

Day one

Chapter Notes

OMG! Sorry, I'm so sorry for having let you waiting for so long.
I was writing another things and a lot of things happened in my house, so... Sorry again.
But, hey, here is another chapter for you, I hope you like it!
I'll try to update this fic more often, but i really would like to hear your suggestions.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next morning Will woke up and the first thing he noticed was the wonderful smell of food coming from the kitchen. He stretched on the bed and buried his face in the soft pillow, sighing happily. He wondered if his mother had brought another brand of fabric softener, because there was the faint scent of lavender, when usually his bedding smelled like roses. Then he opened his eyes and for a moment he panicked.

Where the hell was he? Will sat on the bed leaning on his elbows and looked around. That was not his bed, those were not his sheets and definitely that wasn't his bedroom.

Then, Will remembered everything that had happened last night. Hannibal, his fiancé, had dragged Will to his house in Baltimore without his consent, and now he would be Hannibal's guest for two days - '*prisoner*' would be a more accurate word for his situation - and he couldn't do anything about it. And the worst part of it all, he remembered the kiss that Hannibal had stolen from him.

Will groaned and fell back on the bed, defeated and desperate. He had no idea how to escape from this trap. If Hannibal could at least keep his hands away from him like he promised he would, maybe Will could survive those two days or so and come out of this with his dignity more or less intact. His hands and his lips. *Oh, those lips.*

The boy had to be optimist, he would find a way to dissolve the contract. There had to be a way to escape the terrible life that was being forced upon him.

Then Will looked at his hand and was surprised to notice that he was still wearing the engagement ring that Hannibal had put on his finger back there in the party, before Will had bolted like the *Roadrunner* and Hannibal had run after him like the *Coyote*. The ring was really beautiful, Will could agree with that now that he had cooled his head, but still, he could feel no affection for the jewelry.

Then, his attention was drawn to the silver bracelet on his wrist, the bracelet with the *'H'* engraved on it, the bracelet that Hannibal had given to him when Will was too young to understand what that meant.

The bracelet had a different effect on Will. He felt confused. He would never admit it to himself, but he liked the blond beautiful boy who had given him that bracelet. Will had pictured the young Hannibal as a knight from a fairy tale. And why wouldn't he? Hannibal was handsome, charming and had promised that the two would be together, no matter what it would take. His childish mind had found it very exciting, in fact. But so much had changed in those years they had spent away from each other. When Will had finally realized that he was an Omega and all that it meant, the altar he had built for Hannibal in his mind just cracked and collapsed. This man, this Alpha who had put the engagement ring on his finger was not that boy. He was scary, a predator. He wanted to tame Will, just like his father had tamed his mother, just like Brian had tamed Beverly, like any Alpha would do to an omega.

He was not a damsel in distress, he was not a doll, and definitely, he was not a pet.

He would not let it happen to him.

Will was lost in thoughts when he heard someone knock on his door, taking him out of his reverie.

"Will?" Hannibal's deep voice came from the other side of the door. "Are you awake?"

Will felt a chill down his spine. He did not want to deal with Hannibal soon.

"Yes… yes." Will stammered.

He could smell Hannibal even from the other side of the door, the smell of an Alpha, musky and strong. For a moment, Will closed his eyes and inhaled and - *oh my God* - that smell was so good. Will opened his eyes and literally slapped himself on the face. *"Focus, William! Don't be deceived by the enemy's trick. Remember?"* He thought and shook his head to put himself together.

"Can I come in?" Hannibal asked and his tone was cheerful.

"Wait a second!" Will said and stood up from the bed.

The boy looked around, searching for his supressants. Where he had put the goddamn pills? He searched for it inside his backpack and didn't find them, he searched on the nightstand and didn't find them, he looked under the bed, and still didn't find them.

"No, no, no..." he muttered. Of all the things that could have happened, losing his bottle of supressants while in the company of an Alpha could only be the work of the devil.

"Will?" The boy heard Hannibal’s voice calling him again.

"Wait a second. I'm not… decent!" Will said trying to keep the desperation out of his voice.

Will couldn’t let Hannibal get into the room if he hadn't taken his supressants yet. If the smell of the alpha were intoxicating enough even from the other side of the door, once the boy was face to face with him the smell would be overwhelming.

Then, Will looked to the door of the bathroom connected to his bedroom and remembered: he had left the bottle in the bathroom last night. Will ran to the bathroom and found the blessed bottle on the counter, next to his comb and toothbrush. Will let out a breath he did not know he was holding and grabbed the bottle. He took the cap of the bottle and fished a pill. He kept looking at the infamous medicine for a second before putting it in his mouth and swallow it.

The boy then heard the door of the bedroom being pushed open.

"Will? Is everything okay?" Hannibal said with worry in his voice. He was already inside the room.

Damn!

Without a second thought, Will slammed the bathroom door shut.

"I'm brushing my teeth!" Will lied.

'What is he doing in my room?' Will thought angrily. Hannibal had no concept of personal space and apparently had no concept of privacy too.

"Well then, I just came to ask if you could join me in the dining room for breakfast."

"Yeah, sure." Will answered and winced, noticing how strangled his voice had sounded.

"Perfect. Come down when you're ready."

"All right."

Will held his breath and only let it out when he heard Hannibal's footsteps leaving the room and the door being gently closed. Will took a deep breath and turned on the tap, letting the water run for a while. He grabbed his tooth brush and put a little tooth paste on it before bringing it to his mouth. He brushed his teeth, washed his face, combed his hair, he took his time and if Hannibal would get annoyed at being left waiting, well, Will would not be the only one having a hard time in Lecter's household.

Will looked at himself in the mirror when finished combing - taming - his dark curls and huffed. Will couldn't see anything there that explained why Hannibal was so obsessed with him. Will was so... so... *weird*, with his disheveled hair and ridiculous huge eyes. There must be more suitable omegas walking around, beautiful ones, unmated and totally willing to marry an alpha like Hannibal. The question was: Why he wanted Will, of all people?

Will shook his head and decided to leave the bathroom. He opened the door slowly. There was no one in the room. Thank God.

The boy took off his nightwear and searched in his bag for some clothes that he could wear and, surprisingly, he noticed that his mother had put a pair of jeans and a blue flannel shirt in the bag. Those were his favorite clothes because they were simple and comfortable. Once he was dressed up , Will came out of his room and went down the stairs, following the smell of food. He had to agree: Hannibal could be scary, but the bastard knew how to cook.

Will stepped into the dining room, where Hannibal was waiting for him. Fortunately, Hannibal's scent was not as strong now as it was upstairs, it was probably the supressants doing their magic. The doctor was wearing a blue suit and a purple tie, his blond hair was perfectly combed and he looked ready for a business meeting and not for a simple breakfast. Will felt like a beggar if compared to his fiancé. How someone could look so respectable that early in the morning was a mystery to him. Will stopped in the doorway, however, when he glanced to the table that was filled with food: fresh baked bread, toast, jam, cheese, bacon, eggs, fruit salad, honey, coffee, milk, muffins...

"I hope everything is to your liking." Hannibal said pointing to the chair next to his at the head of the large dining table, politely asking Will to have a seat.

Will knew exactly what Hannibal was trying to do. An Alpha has to show that he is able to provide for his Omega and their offspring. More than money and expensive clothes, food was the true sign of wealth. Hannibal was showing to Will what he was rich and that Will would not have to worry about starving.

Will cleared his throat and stepped forward, trying to ignore the smile on Hannibal’s face.

"You didn't have to do all this. I am only one and this food is enough to fed an army." Will said, taking his seat.

"Nonsense." Hannibal said taking his place at the head of the table. "This, my little one, is a healthy breakfast."

"Usually, I just eat cereal for breakfast." Will said still amazed at the abundant table.

Hannibal chuckled.

"Then it was about time to change your eating habits. Don’t you think?"

Will narrowed his eyes and snorted. It was already beginning. First, he was going to change his eating habits, then he would say that Will should or should not wear, later ... total domination of the mind. *‘Oh, doctor, it’s not going to be as easy as you think... wait, that's strawberry jam???’*

Will's stomach growled, only to betray him.

Wordlessly, Will took a warm toast from the plate and spread some jam on it before taking a bite. The boy closed his eyes and moaned as he chewed, it was the best strawberry jam he had ever tasted. Then, Will's eyes widened when he realized what he had done and he blushed.

"Good, isn't it? I've made the jam with fresh strawberries. It’s pretty easy, actually." Hannibal said pouring some coffee into his cup. "Coffee?" Hannibal offered.

'Oh, you bastard.' Will thought. "Yes, please." He said instead, after all, Will was not one to decline a cup of coffee when it was offered to him.

For a few minutes they ate in silence. Hannibal took sips of his coffee while Will tried not to embarrass himself even more each time he tasted something divinely good.

"I've took the day off from work," Hannibal said breaking the silence. "I thought we could talk a little, get to know each other better."

Will had been chewing a piece of bread when Hannibal had said that, and the boy swallowed it with difficulty. He didn't want to spend the whole day with Hannibal. Will had had the hope that the doctor would head to his office and so Will would have all day to figure out what he would do or even how to escape.

"But, what about your patients?"

"I've rescheduled their appointments. My fiancé is more important to me than any patient."

Hannibal smiled and reached out his hand over the table to touch Will's hand. The doctor placed his hand over Will's a rubbed the skin with his thumb. Will pulled his hand awkwardly and looked away.

"Okay, but keep your hands to yourself." Will warned.

"Of course. We'll just talk. Unless you want something else."

Will looked at Hannibal with a unconvinced look, but he tried not to think about the devious smile taking place in Hannibal's face. After all, there was nothing wrong with a simple talk, right?

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Please, tell me on the comments if you like it!

PS - I'm taking prompts, so if you want me to fill your prompt just follow me on twitter and post it there. You can find me at https://twitter.com/NatOliverAO3
I'm waiting for you! ;)

End Notes

Comments???

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!